

Fantasy: Hijack

by shakinelves

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Summary: Sometimes it only takes a second for a person to fall into a fantasy. That one moment where you look at a person and your mind goes beyond the reality you are in. And sometimes a person's mind really loves their fantasies

1. Chapter 1

****_Author note:** This is to be a series of short fantasies in the spur of the moment they are inspired. They will start involving both sides and will get dirtier as they go on. It is really just a reflection of my personal habits when I'm bored and horny. Which is always. Feel free to bash or love. But don't deny that when that cute guy in class sits next to you there isn't a little part of your mind thinking of what could happen_******

****_Disclaimer:** don't own any of the characters from DreamWorks.
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I see you over wish could come back and Mary me my dear la la lalala la. Fuck I don't know the song. Let's see what do I want for lunch. Going a convenience store isn't exactly the healthiest thing to do.

Looking up. Scanning my surroundings. Candy section looks good enough. Maybe a large bottle of Dr. Pepper.

Plopping my large bag of peanut butter M&Ms and my sugar overload soda at the cashier, I finally look up and am prepared for the small talk to start. Why do they always have to talk to you. When is corporate policies going to realize someone trying to talk to me isn't going to make me buy more.

"Hello sir, did you find everything today? "

Holy mother of small talk!

"Sir? " that beautiful goofy grin smiling at me. Why does the cash register have this cute boy next to it. Honestly he is an improvement to self checkout by far, making the candy even seem plain. Poor cash register probably has jealousy issues.

"Great, perfect, wonderful! " I just want to gaze at those emerald eyes. That soft auburn hair kind of flouncing around his face. Flouncing. Bouncing. I wonder what else I could get to bounce.

"G-Good then". He is aptly staring at my package-I mean purchases.

A bright blush appearing behind those many feckless dotting his face. If only my kisses could dot his face. One by one. Tracing constellations. Until I can finally reach those lips. The blush that would appear then.

Letting my fingers trace along his jaw line. My lips trailing. Nipping his nose. A quick bite at the nitch below his ear. The first bite soft, the rest getting harder as I work my way down his neck. Not until I reach the center of his collarbone a sweet moan escaping his mouth.

How red that pale skin would be. My mark clear, unable to disappear. But to stop there, it's not nearly enough. Pushing him down on the floor. His hair ruffling as grasp his head close to mine. Fingers unbuttoning that red polo one by one. My lips following the trail. His knees curling up pressing against my sides. My fingers trailing inside the fabric. Discovering the dips in between his bones. Gripping his waist tightly as my bites drive his hips into mine.

Back arching, my right hand slipping down past his waistline. My left removing that damn red cloth from his blushing skin. A site to behold. I look to his eyes for approval as my hands slowly unbuttoning his pants. Those emerald eyes glowing brighter above the bright red blush on his cheeks. His disheveled hair falling into his eyes as he nods. Those pink lips slightly parted.

I dive down, grasping those lips onto my own. My hand reaching its destination. Pulsating as I squeeze, his reacting as both my hand and groin rub against his.

One hand claws onto my back as the other reaches for my own reaction. Timing the kisses together as both bodies rock against another. Faster. Working for the end.

His mouth catches mine. Biting. Hands digging into the embrace as his body orgasms. Shaking in the final release. My body joining.

Voices gasping as our fingers tangle. Place one last kiss on his forehead.

I look into those gorgeous eyes. The small smile gracing his lips.

"Sir, your change". Huh? Oh yeah my lunch. "Sir?"

"Uh oh yeah let me get that." My fingers slightly grazing his as I

take my change. I notice a small smile from the impact.

"Have a nice day!" He seems so pleasant just standing behind that counter. Polo buttoned up all the way. Hair unruffled.

"Only because you were in it" I whisper winking, putting my best grin on my face.

He blushes, confused by my words. I walk out whistling a new tune. Now I have something to continue fantasizing about.

Thank you my green eyed monster.

**Sorry I suck at English. ... and all of the other languages. Hope you enjoyed **

2. Chapter 2

**Author Note: So, Jack and Hiccup are in college, because that means they are legal...and clears my conscious a bit. Also I never mention their names but yes it is Jack and Hiccup, well at least in my mind it is them. Still on Jack P.O.V. Feel free to bash or love**

**Disclaimer: I own nothing to my name or being because I am a broke. And Dreamworks owns the characters.**

Something about school and summer I never thought mixed well. Life was so much easier when everything was all laid out for you. Now days you have to get a job while working your ass off studying with only the prayer you can graduate college in four years.

So, you go to summer school in the day and you get out of class early enough to get to work. Damn problem is that they make the lunch break too long and my class in the morning always lets out early.

I could drive somewhere; get lunch, maybe run into that cute green eyed monster. But that is gas that I don't have. Looks like chilling under the air conditioning on a bench, has become my final option. Phone at the ready to look busy and some headphones so no one bothers me. Some people watching out the window as a side activity.

Oh my, do my eyes deceive me. Maybe I should go into poetry for a small brunette stumbling like a newborn doe, uncertain of its path, came to be before me. Alright Shakespeare would do a better job of forming a sonnet than me. But a man is meant to be inspired by the beasts that have slain their hearts.

I can just imagine him walking through the door. A small smile gracing his lips, eyes widening in surprise as he sees me. In all my weather beaten glory, he wouldn't mind as he asks to sit in the chair across from mine. I of course nod happily, gesturing to the seat next to mine.

We would talk a little of our days, sharing who we are. He would be laughing at my small jokes, eyes lighting up when I mention my small adventures. We would lean closer as the stories continue. His hand takes mine; he eyes on the long hallway full of empty classrooms.

I stand up tugging him into a classroom far from the entrance. The door clicks behind him. I push him against the wall gently. One hand grasped in his, my other playing with the hair tracing his face. I push his bangs back, revealing his pale forehead. I place a light kiss, blessing him in a way. I would be blessed for being with him.

His eyes look up to mine, pleading for me to do more. I lean down kissing his lips. Soft pecks, again and again. He hungrily grasps for mine. Using his teeth to lightly bite my lower lip, caressing my mouth. His hand in mine tightens as I lean forward to deepen the kiss.

But slowly I pull back, separating my face from him. He groans, both hands grabbing the neck of my shirt, trying to pull me forward.

I smirk, as I seem him begging for more. Oh he wants so much more. I bring our noses to a touch. Our eyes connect, and I know that this is meant to be. I clasp his lips to mine, almost devouring them whole, willing all of my desires to be known to him. I press my body against his, the little amount of him being squished to the wall. I break apart shortly only to grasp his wrists in one hand and press them above his head. I go back in, hungry for his taste. I can feel his stomach squirm against mine as he gasps for breath. Eyes clenched tight with his fist curled, his hips swaying to mine.

I keep his hands up high as I slowly bring up his shirt, revealing his lengthened torso, heavily panting from our activities. His parted lips look so inviting, but I'm not done teasing. I want him to beg more from me. I stuff those inviting lips with his shirt, draping the shirt to bear his entire chest. My fingers trace around him. Circling around each nipple, a slight tug buckles his knees. My hand grasps his side, pressing my thumb hard into the crevice between bone and that trail to happiness. I can hear the groans coming from deep inside him, but his mouth clamped tightly around the cloth, eyes sparkling, and those beautiful freckles darker above the red of his cheeks. My hands tickle his sides as he tries to squirm from my grasp. He toes curl, trying to keep his body from moving away from my touch. Him not wanting to part from our skins connection, his hips lean towards mine. I could never imagine at him being this sensitive. A small chuckle comes from me, and he pouts at my antics.

The small light coming from the closed blinds illuminating his face just barely, half of his face shadowed. Beautiful. Absolutely beautiful. A beauty just mine for the taking.

I take the shirt from his mouth. He whispers my name, anticipating my next move. I bring the cloth up to tie his hands together.

"Keep those there" I whisper in his ear. Keeping my mouth there I blow a breath on the inside, biting the tip. A gasp escapes from him, his stomach clenching tight. "I love how sensitive you are".

I back up a tiny bit to admire my work. His knees slightly trembling, my little deer trying to keep himself up. His hands still clenched in fists, and those wonderful eyes gazing up at me. You can see him questioning what I was doing. He has no idea what my next move is. He is biting his lip, giving away that desire within him. He lets out a whimper as he whispers my name.

"Please".

That is all I need, dive in to give a quick filling kiss on the lips. I drop to my knees, rip the button and zipper apart of his pants, yanking them to the floor. He has green plaid briefs, still standing in my way. I slip my hands past the rims, grasping his ass in my hands. Each cheeks fitting perfectly in my grasp, I squeeze tightly. More moans escape those wonderful lips as I leave a trail of bites just above the rim still blocking my path.

I reluctantly remove my hands from his butt, to rip that remaining piece of cloth down. His penis is already raised, the tip dripping.

"Already so eager to leak, aren't we". One hand in place caressing his butt, as my other grabs his shank. I kiss the tip and I can feel his ass clenching in response. This is going to be fun.

I wrap my lips around the rest, sucking hard as my hands work on messaging around his lower body. His legs start to squeeze together, his lips parted, panting hard. I keep my hand grasped tightly at the shank as my tongue works quickly. My tongues tip tracing back and forth, teasing the path his body's fluid want to go. He lowers his bounded hands and grabs around my neck. His hands clasped in my hair, releasing and grabbing again. Struggling with the desire that is pulsating in his body. Wanting to come, my hand preventing just that.

He begs. He moans. He calls my name over and over. I bring my lips to only surround the tip and slowly release my hand. His body orgasm as the creamy white liquid fills my mouth. He falls to his knees bringing me into his embrace. I swallow and lick my lips, my hands firmly on his ass. Slowly I slip my fingers closer to the next step. He only clutches onto me harder. He lands kisses on my neck. Slowly bringing them along my jaw.

We pull back and look deeply into one another's eyes. He gives a slight nod. Biting his lip, his cheeks turn to a brighter red. The mesmerizing green eyes crinkle slightly as he smiles. He leans in.

Something bangs into my shoulder. I jump out of shock and look up from my chair to see Aster grinning above me.

"Yo Frosty, when you going to stop daydreaming and just the rest of the world for a chance", he chuckles landing another punch to my arms.

"It's not my fault reality has you in it" I glare, and get out of my chair. Guess it's time for class.

**Yep that's it. Hope you enjoyed! Also I keep writing this in a classroom full of people, which gets kind of awkward when the guy next you keeps trying to look over your shoulder and all you want is chocolate and kisses. **

3. Chapter 3

I whiplash around as I see another guy walk past me with bleached

hair. It wasn't even a close enough color to compare to his, yet my mind wanted it to be his. Just to maybe see that white hair and blue eyes once again. To hear that voice once again, with that smug smirk he gave me.

No! NO! C'mon Hiccup stop being such a perv. You promised yourself you wouldn't do this again. You know how it went last time you fell for a man based off of his looks. Who then became your best friend and was so supporting, even though you couldn't stop drooling over those green eyes and jet black curls. You and Terry are good friends. Loving a guy isn't going to get you anywhere!

But he seemed like he was interested. What with that long intense stare and then that final whisper.

"Because you were in it".

Jeez Hiccup, who knew that getting a job at a convenience store, was becoming your rose petaled road full of handsome princes. Yeah right. This fantasy needs to end.

But what if it could continue?

Well one thing is certain, that physics lesson went out the window. The teacher is a nice guy; he just has that perfect voice. The one where you write down all of the formulas but can't remember anything that was said, yeah that type of voice. Or it might have been more of the fact that you were thinking of a white prince and how he would carry you away on an enchanted dragon.

I plop down into my car, resting my head against the wheel, and sighing for the billionth time. This really wasn't going anywhere. I don't even know where this guy is from.

But what if I could see him just once. He could come over, knock on the passenger side window of my car. He would be grinning, then give me a wink. His finger pointing toward the lock.

I would be shocked at first. Then unable to keep my smile hidden, I would unlock the car door. He would slide in, shutting the door quickly trying to keep our private domain only to ourselves. He would ask me how my day went, leaning towards me. His eyes would sparkle with joy, and he would laugh at all of my jokes.

We would talk about our hobbies, and would make plans to see one another in the future. He would be into sports too, and we would make plans to go working out with one another. That way I could see his body drenched with sweat and he could help me...stretch.

He would be into adventures. Adventures of all sorts. Talking about all of the things we would like to try. Flying, snowboarding off of glaciers, sailing around the world, and exploration. But only at the mention of exploration do we start to lean closer.

"What else would you like to try?" I would ask him, keeping my eyes trained on his.

"Something fun, that is if you are up for it?" His hands would start trailing to my fingers. Tracing the outside of them.

"Only if something explodes". Always trust myself to make a lame joke. I probably just confused him.

"Oh, I'll make something explode" Holy shit! I did not expect that coming. He just ...oh Thor's beard this is brilliant.

That perfect smirk tugging at his lips, threatening to laugh at his own innuendo. He doesn't wait for my shock to settle in. Grasping the hand that was holding my balance on the dash, I fall into his embrace. His lips wrapped around mine. He keeps it soft, sweet and I can taste a bit of a mint. He pulls back, his eyes searching for an answer mine. I don't know if the obvious blush in my cheeks or the yearnings in my eyes give my feelings away.

"I don't know if that counts as an explosion" Oh my, what are these words coming from my mouth. My heart is pounding out of my chest already. I don't want to actually explode!

His lips wrap around mine harder, his tongue slowly lining the entrance between my lips. I part my lips just slightly and he takes the forward action to dive into my mouth. I go for a breath and his tongue hooks behind my teeth, dragging me back in. That mint taste becoming more prominent. I try to retaliate by biting down on his tongue. Keeping a light hold as he slips it away. Our mouths part from one another. He dips down to grab a hold of my neck. His lips and teeth working on one side of my neck as his on the other side reaches into my hair. Playing with the piercing I have in my cartilage. A slight tug of the metal catches my breath, a bite on my neck releasing my voice.

He pulls back. You can see the joy in his eyes. His hand keeps playing with my ear making my stomach do continuous back flips. The same butterflies at work start a storm as he connects our hands. Our panting the only sound. Just us in this space. Just us. Just him.

His lips still parted, I can see a trace where a piercing used to be on his lips. I lean in to bite it, pulling it towards me. His hand from my ear slips, grasping my shoulder in order to keep himself for falling completely. But I want him to fall towards me. I want him to fall for me.

I move towards him, dragging my unoccupied hand into his hair, grasping tightly. I slowly work my lips on his bottom lip, sucking it. Letting it swell red. He is fighting back, trying to claim my own. I move my hand to brace his neck as I allow my lips to trail further down his chin onto his neck. Making a line down his neck, my lips reach to his apple. I take a bite, sucking the pinked skin. His moan echoes through the car. Finishing my trail, I let my tongue glide back up my path.

He grabs my neck, forcing my lips back onto his. Locking his lips tightly to mine. We work aggressively against one another. Our hands clasping tighter. The brakes stick driving into his hips, our bodies struggling to grow closer. Mimicking one another, we work at sucking one another dry. Each kiss trying to pull the other into an embrace. Teeth scraping one another's bare skin. As if we were animals searching for a water source. My hand would drift down to the center of his chest. Ragged nails clenching into him. Digging through the cloth. I can feel his heartbeat thrumming against my hand. His hand

slowly making its way down the center of my chest. Drifting to my hip. Grasping the side into his hands.

I follow suit. My hand drifting down the center. I would slowly reach the end of shirt. My hand making contact with his skin. My hands would seek to move down further. Posed at the rim of his pants. I slowly would get one button undone. His body would move towards mine. Twisting towards my hand.

Our lips would break apart. Our eyes never leaving one another's. His hand would drift towards the edge of my chin. We would connect lips for one last time as our hands dipped down. My fingers finally connecting to his. BAM!

A metal crunching noise drives me out of my reverie. I around to see that no one was near my car. Looking up at the street I see two girls out of their cars yelling at one another. Or at least it looked like one was yelling while the other was making obscene gestures. There was another bleach blonde boy in the distance running toward the accident in the distance.

Could that be?

No, that's not possible. It's just my imagination.

I look down at my watch only to realize that I am going to be late for work. Letting out another one of my famous sighs, I pull out of the parking lot and drive away from the wreckage.

**Author Note: Terry = Toothless**

**And that was Hiccup's POV and there was dialogue! Hiccup seems so much less of a pervert than Jack. But that will****change.**_

**Disclaimer: None of the character's are mine. They are technically property of Dreamworks.**

4. Chapter 4

Call me a demon hunter because I honestly feel like I'm stalking a nonexistent entity. Well my heart is stalking him at least. Every person who walks into the doors at work, I get a rush of hope just waiting for it to be him. Honestly I am disgusted with myself. Who just sits here and expects something to happen from a two second meeting. Is this normal? I wish I had someone to ask if this is normal.

Well the wrenching of my heart should be over today. I clock out of work and wave goodbye to my manager. I slump into my car and look at my phone. Three missed calls, wow looks like being a hopeless romantic made me a bit more popular tonight. Two from Terry and one from Astrid, Astrid left a long voicemail too. Guess I'll just call Terry.

"Yo, Hiccup you finally off of work"

"Hey Toothless, why did you call?" His voice seemed a little tense, and he should be working at my dad's shop right now.

"Well looks like we are a bit backed up at the shop tonight. Astrid hit someone it looks like and she brought the cars into the shop. Gobber is sick and the newby Snot or Sean or something is out of the shop. Think you can come in to help?"

"Yeah yeah. I'll be there in a second." I wonder if that was Astrid I saw in the parking lot earlier today.

Well now that I know what Astrid wanted I guess I'll just see her in a few. Too bad Jim is sick, and with the order's we promised to be done by tonight there is no way Terry can finish all of the repairs. Is it sort of sad I was hoping for the call to be Terry telling me that a cute white hair boy had been looking for me. That isn't even possible.

Be nice if it was. He had just gotten in a bit of a fender bender and had jammed in the trunk of his car. Nothing nasty. He needs to get it fixed and the tow truck just happened to take him to the repair shop. He doesn't have another ride and is stuck there until a friend can pick him up.

Terry is a little stressed, and turns out the boy has some experience with cars. He puts on the work overalls and gets to work. I finally turn up. I put on my uniform, tie my hair back with little braids keeping back the jagged strands. Twirling a wrench, looking extremely confident, I stroll in. He is working on basics, loosening the nuts here and there, following short instructions. He is having a bit of difficulty with on of the bolts. I sneak behind him, reach over and loosen the rest. He sighs and turns to say thank you.

He falls from his squatted position onto his butt, shocked that I was the one behind him. His eyes will shine with excitement and a small laugh showing his nervousness. He scrambles to his feet, wiping the dirt off of his hands. His zipper has slipped down to his mid waist, the white tee underneath soaked in sweat with grease stains. The muscles beneath his tee becoming more apparent as the cloth clings to him. His white hair is a mess, a large smear of grease across his forehead. The dirt only makes his blue eyes shine brighter.

How I want to be that cloth, clinging to him, touching every part of his skin. To be worse than that grease. Only if I could make him dirtier. But slow down, I can't just strip his entire body on first meeting.

No we could take it slowly. I would be in charge of his new orders. He offers that we should play a game. Each mistake he makes the zipper would come down further. He zips it up all the way, hiding from me any pleasure I was viewing. I smile and start the commands.

The game starts getting more vicious as each of us tries to dethrone the other from their cotton pants. His eyes look hungry as my zipper slips down, revealing that I had forgotten my own white tee. He only has a bit of zipper left before it is down all of the way. I smile as he once again makes another mistake. He lets out a groan, running his fingers through his hair.

He blushes as I ask for the honor of unzipping the rest. My hand trails along the zipper, slipping the remaining cloth apart. I tell

him the hidden part of the deal. His eyes widen as I slip off the overalls. They fall around his ankles leaving him in tight black briefs and that soaked white t-shirt. His cheeks are red, eyes unable to stop from roaming to my zipper. I shake my head disapproving his intent.

"You lost the game, I'm not done with your end of the deal yet" His eyes darken, maybe a little bit angry, he is the only one being stripped on piece at a time.

I let my fingers trail at the edge of the shirt. Tickling the edge, he resists reacting and clamps his hands around my wrists. He doesn't speak a word, his eyes glaring into mine, every event becoming more serious for him.

I can't help my smile, my hands are pushing against his torso. As they travel upward, the shirt removes itself from his torso. My fingers caressing each muscle, I reach his shoulders. Those shoulders tense as my hand moves to grasp his neck. I bring my face close to his as his hands are still clasped to mine.

Our faces don't part from their distance as he reluctantly lifts his arms. A white cloth blinds us from one another for a second, but once it is tossed on the floor I am able to fully enjoy all of the glory left for me.

I can't help the blush entering my face as my fingers slowly flex towards the only remaining piece of clothing keeping me from his full nudity. One last piece to change this from only flirting.

I hear a short growl and my hands are yanked away. One of his hands contains both of my wrists while the other pushes me against one of the cars. His lips press forcefully against mine. My hands trapped between our bodies as he presses his excited lower body harder against me. All of my teasing having created this monster of desire. He slips a knee in between my legs, his thigh working into the crevice. My back arching back against the roof of the car as his kisses plunge harder against me. His impatience towards my clothes finally coming to light. He dips down from my mouth. Trailing down my neck onto my chest, he finally takes the metal into his mouth. Teeth clenched, he rips the zipper downwards. He bites resiliently at the last of skin revealed by the opening. One of his hands had followed his descent, grasping the back of me tightly. His kneading in between the cloth searching for the entrance on my backside.

He comes back up, proud of his progress he gently kisses my lips. Letting our lips entwine for a pause, as his hands stay busy tearing the rest of the cloth from me. His hands let go for a brief moment as they caress my shoulders slipping beneath the cloth as it slides off. It doesn't take much force for my overalls now to leave me bare for the beholder of my heart and throbbing dick.

In simple whitey tighties, I am left on the chopping block as he looks me up and down. He has a bright smile with hunter like eyes. He closes the distance between us. I wrap my arms around his neck as we force our waists together. The little cloth covering us grinding against each other. Both of his hands reach beneath the cloth searching once again for that entrance. He finds it, those cold fingers pressing to the inside.

My knees lose their ability to stand, my hands dig into his back as we lose our balance. We crash into the car, the impact knocking the breath out of us. Our bodies are melded together on impact. His hands clasped tightly around me trying to keep us from falling on the ground. Each voice gasping for breath, we look at each other's shocked eyes. We start to giggle.

Stances once regained he nips at my mouth slowly. Each nip getting faster, his hands match the rhythm, squeezing.

I pull into the parking lot. I have to sit in the car for a couple of seconds, trying to calm my mind from it's vivid imagination. I let out a huge sigh as I slip from my car. This is honestly getting out of hand.

I make it into the garage where Terry tosses me my overalls. He pats me on the back, glad that I can come and help out. I see the two cars that look like the most recently wrecked. Pull my unruly hair back, my hand getting caught in one of the small braids. Looking at the dings made to the cars it looks like they can be done within about a week, depending on when the new parts come in.

"Hey Toothy have you given the estimates yet?" I pull out clipboard near the cars to see that they haven't been marked.

"No, I'm supposed to have three other cars done by 9 tonight...which means I'm screwed". Looking up at the clock it is 30 minutes till 9. I sigh.

"Well I'll call the owner of the BMW to apologize, we can get the rest done by then. Is Astrid and the other driver in the waiting room?"

"Yeah, they got a ride from the other girl's friend. Astrid knows where everything is so she should be entertaining them. Sorry about this buddy!" Terry tosses me the clipboard giving me the analysis of the Ford that we had to fix in now 25 minutes.

I do a quick analysis and walk into the waiting room. Astrid is sitting there with another sandy hair girl. They seem to be writing on a piece of paper. Astrid looks up to see me enter the room.

"Hiccup! Sorry I didn't know Terry was the only one in the shop, and we couldn't pay to get them towed further". Her words are coming out rushed, she seems a bit tired after today's events.

"It's alright. Is this the other owner?" I ask nodding at the girl quietly sitting at the table.

"Oh, yes. Sandy this is Hiccup" the girl got up to shake my hand, "Sandy here can't talk, and well Jack is here somewhere".

"Jack?" I look around to see no one else in the room.

"Yeah, he is the guy that took us here. He was translating earlier, but looks like he slipped out for a bit. Anyways you got the total for the cars?" Astrid motioned over to the table so Sandy could write down questions on a sheet of paper. I pull out both clipboards pointing out to what repairs had to be made and how much it would

cost. Since Astrid was a family friend I offered them a discount on service fees. By the end of it, they both looked relieved and were smiling once again.

The bells at the door rang.

"Jack, what were you doing this entire time?" I am busy checking off something on Sandy's list to notice the man who had walked behind me.

"Sorry had to make a phone call to tell them I'd be late to work tonight". I quickly swivel around in my chair as I recognize the voice.

Looking up I see that white hair and blue eyes I had erotically been fantasizing about only minutes ago. I stumble trying to stand up from my chair. He looks at me smiling, reaching out a hand to shake.

"Hi, I'm Jack. You must be Hiccup?" I take his hand into my own, noticing how rough his palms are.

" Ah, yes I'm Henrik...I mean Hiccup...well my friends call me Hiccup. You can call me that too. If you would like. That is..." I'm stumbling over my words, a bright red blush entering my cheeks. His hand still clasped in mine, not letting it go.

"How about Buttercup?" He asks, laughing at his own joke.

"Umm, why buttercup?" My voice is still shaking slightly. I can hear Astrid giggling in the background. He leans in, pulls at my hand, drawing his lips next to my ear.

"Because you build me up".

AN: OMG I am laughing so hard right now. I can't believe I wrote that. If anyone is having a bad day I totally recommend writing really cheesy horrible porn. Hope you enjoyed this as much as I did writing it.

Next Chapter is Jack's POV

Disclaimer: yeah yeah we get it, I own nothing

5. Chapter 5

Thank you cupid or whatever god is finally playing into my hands. You are merciful and kind. And you also have amazing taste.

What with his hair messily pulled back into a ponytail and those amazing overalls. Well they aren't exactly skin tight. But the zipper is pulled down enough for me to tell he isn't wearing a shirt. I bet he only has his underwear on. I wonder what they look like. No clothes at all would be preferable.

"Pizza is almost here" Astrid announced as she joined us in the waiting room.

I look back and smile as her and Sandy are furiously writing to one another. I always was intrigued in how Sandy made so many friends but

never spoke a word. Maybe I should talk less.

I look back to Hiccup to see him laughing at something the other guy working on cars said. His laugh looks beautiful. Well actually he seems kind of awkward but that is just as adorable.

Oh wow, I sound like one of those creepy romantic stalker people. Ew, gross. Does that mean I get really clingy when I like someone. Oh wait I know the answer to that. I don't. Something about wandering around too much.

The pizza arrives. Cheesy glory for the taking, even the guy waiting for his car comes in to join us. I look at my phone to realize that it is close to 10. I get up and kiss Sandy on the top of the head.

"Sorry princess, I've got to go" Sandy looks at me pouting. I see her eyes shift towards my current obsession.

"Where are you heading to?" Astrid asks tossing another piece of pizza into her stuffed mouth.

"Bed" She has an extremely confused look on her face. We are college students and it is summer. Who sleeps? "I still have homework and I usually get up early to work out."

"Oh gotya. Yeah this is usually my normal workout time. Though tonight it looks like instead of burning carbs I'm going to turn into Santa Claus", another slice of pizza disappears "I know Hiccup works out in the morning though".

"Really?" I hope the grin on my face isn't giving me away "Maybe I'll see him around"

I turn on my heel, and prance out the door. Honestly I wouldn't mind staying in the shop a few more hours. A few hours after where it was only Hiccup and I left in the shop. That really tall handsome guy had stopped making him laugh, the girls had headed home, and only one last car in the shop. A bit of overtime work for him, alone.

I would love to watch him more as he had to get down on the floor, his crawling position extremely tempting. Perhaps he lost something and was searching for it. It would be too hard to sneak up behind him. One finger tracing his spine, alerting him I was there. He would jump a bit out of shock, banging his head against the car.

He would clasp his head in his hands, groaning from the pain. I could gently reach my hand around his neck, tangling with the loose strands from his ponytail. I would get on my knees and kiss the top of his head. He would blush, asking if I could make the pain go away.

I would smile and say yes. I would then ask where else it hurts. We would joke around for a bit about different areas until finally, his finger touches his lips.

I would start with a gentle peck. Asking if it felt better. He would pout and shake his head no. I would kiss him again lingering a bit longer, letting his lips go for a grab at my own. I would pull back, teasing him a bit.

"Doctor, I'm going to need a lot more medicine than that".

He grabs the front of my shirt, pulling me into a deeper kiss. I gain an idea. I trail off from his lips and bite down on his collar bone. He would wince in pain. I would look up, and give him a slight wink. His eyes would widen in surprise.

I place a small kiss on the injury I caused to him. I would trail off a little lower. Bite again. His hand grabs my arm. With one hand I am unzipping the rest of the suit. My mouth following. Each bite causing his hand to claw around my arm, and each kiss gaining a sigh.

When I reach the end of the zipper, his hands grab for my own clothes. They curiously wander under the shirt, wanting to reveal more of my skin.

But this is my fantasy, which means I have control.

I shake my head no and rest my hands at the top of the zipper. I turn him around, my body hugging around his back.

Hands firmly grasping the opening to his outfits, I yank it down. Once free from his arms, his back is revealed to me. Little freckles are across his shoulders. Muscles tensed in his lower back from his kneeling position. There is a separation of dark skin and a white line where his underwear would be if it was there.

He is trying to even out his breathing, anticipating my next move. I weave the sleeves around his wrist, tying them together. I let one hand trail up his back, pushing him down. While my other hand reaches for his erect penis slipping from the opened cloth.

He is on his knees, hands tied behind his back, and his head is against the car, trying to maintain balance. My knees lie on the outside of his, I am draped across his back. I place small kisses along his back as my hand and hips work against him. Slowly quickening the pace I can hear him moan. His shoulder tense as I keep a firm hold on the tied hands. Bringing his body towards me as I ram myself against him.

"Jack. Please! I'm about to...".

He releases. His body shaking, driving his butt further into my groin. He is slightly panting, as I grab the cloth in between his hands and pull him too an upright position. He turns his head, as I tenderly kiss his lips. I move to his neck, planning to slowly work my way back down again.

"Please Jack, I want more".

I push him back down, grinding my pelvic area into him. The cloth stands in the way of any other satisfaction. I see a small swiss knife nearby. I ask him to trust me, as his forehead rests on the floor, ass high in the air. I separate some cloth from his ass, just enough to cut a small hole. He starts begging to know what I plan.

I run my hands around his waist, slowly cupping his ass. Squeezing tenderly as both hands reach to the center of the hole. Two fingers reach through and touch his skin. Slowly kindling the hole wider to gain a stronger hold. I place one kiss in the center of his back,

then rip apart the fabric. I can hear him gasp, as his bare bottom is met with my pulsating dick. I grab a hold of his hands and yank him back towards me.

Letting out a small growl, I bite his ear. My hand grasping around his ass. I work my way down his neck again, biting every third kiss. Slowly pushing his torso back down as I work along. My hand wets itself with some lube, as I finally bring his ass to its former position.

The fabric drapes loosely as I spread it apart. I knee his legs further apart, giving me a better view of my entrance. My fingers dance around until I finally slick one in. The slippery finger twists around pushing its way further in.

His gasps are getting harder, as I wedge another one of my fingers in. His knees trying to pull together, his back arching back in response. He can't help the soft moans as I twist around inside him.

I add another finger in. His previous playing with himself making it an easy stretch. I hope he was playing thinking of me. His thoughts right now will only be consist of me.

I can feel my middle finger brush upon a spot, and his body clenches around me in response. My knee being the only object keeping his legs from claspng back together once more. His panting is getting heavier, and his pleas louder. Asking for me to go a step further.

I ask him if it is ok. He nods his head. I keep one hand grasped along his arms, the other working to free my own dick that has been squeezing against the opening of my pants. I add some extra lube. I place both my knees in between his to separate them further. I bring his face close to mine for a second, to give him a remaining long kiss.

I push him back down, and place myself into that hole. At first easing my way in then slowly working on moving back and forward. He works against me, tightening around me every time i reach the sweet spot. I use my hold on his arms to propel me further, my other hand working towards his front half. He doesn't need any extra prodding from me though.

He is biting his lip, trying to hold back his moans as I thrust harder into him. Each time he clenches, it gets tighter around me. My clasp on his ties supplying the little balance I have. He cries out. Begs for the end. I tighten my grip around him. Quickening the pace and he yells out louder and louder. I drive in one more time, holding that final thrust. He releases. His orgasm giving me the final blow.

I collapse, bringing him lying on the floor next to me. He turns to me, searches out my lips for a few small kiss. I untie his hands, allowing them to wrap around my neck. We steadily work our way to sitting positions, my back resting against the car.

He crawls on top of my lap, timing his hip movements with the kisses. I look into his eyes as we break apart, my hands lightly rest around his waist. He smiles brightly at me.

But he isn't actually smiling at me. Nor is he on my lap. No it is just me. Lying in my bed without anyone beside me.

Just me, about to go to sleep, without my dear Buttercup.

****AN:** Holy shit I have followers! Lol honestly thank you for following this amazing...well it's not literature of any sort that is certain.**

****Sorry** meant to update earlier but I ended up with plenty of fantasies but no where to write them.**

****Since** these are fantasies I still want to write the actions correctly, but it gives me free range of topics. If you have something you would like to fix that I wrote or would like me to write on a certain topic just let me know. It also means I can make lube mysteriously appear.**

****I Disclaim** life and asses**

6. Chapter 6

It would be on a cold winter night. Nothing this spooky and somewhat fantastic happens on a spring afternoon. But there he was perched in my window sill. The snowy white feathers drift in with the snowflakes. I reach out to it. It stares deeply into my eyes, head tilted in wonder. A foot reaches out and sits on my arm. The owl proceeds to sit on my arm. The talons not even biting into my skin.

That was just the first night.

It would visit me every night since. Pecking on the window if I kept it closed. Almost there as if to drive away any of my nightmares. Most of the time it would just watch me. It wasn't til that one night I let it get closer.

The owl would rest on the bed post, letting me pet it. Fingers gently weaving in between the soft tufts of feathers. The frost blue eyes would close in glee, shaking its head when I moved my hand away. If I separated myself too far it would peck playfully at my hands. It wasn't until I leaned down and affectionately kissed it's forehead did I know what trouble I had gotten myself into.

I mean I've heard of princess and the frog but come on this is the 21st century. I'm not actually supposed to get a prince at the bottom of a cracker barrel box. You think the amazing display of fireworks and streamers were supposed to appear, wrapped around the body of a Bernini statue. But no that isn't my idea of a fairy tale apparently. I simply look up and a man is in front of me.

Snow white hair peppered with black, those crisp cold blue eyes, and flourescent like skin draped in a black cloak. White cloak makes more sense, but no he is in a black shredded cloak, hood and all. Maybe he joined a medieval mafia and decided he was to be a transfiguring knight ninja. Hey I don't know, there is a fucking gorgeous man in front of me.

He doesn't speak, no that would most likely ruin the illusion. He

just slips his fingers beneath my chin, tilting my head back. There is a smug smile on his lips and he leans his head to the side. I'm completely mesmerized in those eyes I've been admiring every single night. He leans down and kisses my lips. It is dry, cold, and leaves me breathless. My knees buckle but he holds me to his chest. I'm frozen there, at his complete mercy.

And then he just leaves.

He returns the next night. This time holding a rose. Although it wasn't actually a plant. It was pure ice, but something seemed to light the bud from inside. A crystal rose...that should be melting by all logical knowledge. He simply handed it to me. His other hand reached for my free one, lifting it up to his face. Nuzzling against my hand, almost as if he wants me to pet him. I can't help a small giggle. As I scratch behind his ear he lets out a coo. He even chirps as my hand reaches to the back of his head. Fingers scratching in small circles. Reaching further behind I lose my balance and fall into him. My arm wrapped behind his head, my other arm curled in clutching the rose. I look up. His eyes show the predator in him as he gazes down at me. Then there is a short chirp and a smirk. He knows he is mesmerizing.

I struggle away from him, blushing profusely. I search around the room for an empty cup that I can stick the rose in. I trip over my chest of clothes and end up on the floor. I save the rose, however my body is probably bruised from impact. He leans over me. Prying the rose from my fingers, then lifting me up slamming my body into his. He seems unaffected from the force. A small peck chills the tip of my nose. He keeps a hold of my hand as he places the rose gently on the table. His eyes flash a bright white as a ice vase appears. The parts where his fingers trace over leave a flower frosted design. The rose slips in perfectly.

Turning towards me his gaze looks serious. He takes both my hands and slowly walks me to the bed. His hands slip under my shirt, dragging the cloth off of my torso. Sitting down on the bed, he pulls me toward him. My knees separated by him. One hand firmly grasps me from behind, as his other fingers trace along my stomach creating little ice ferns. The frost feels good, relaxing until a biting nip comes at my nipples. A thin layer of ice pinching at the tips. My teeth scrape against my lips, trying to resist a gasp. My efforts futile as his tongue traces along the ice trails, melting them as he moves towards those cold tips. He warms my own buds, the tips of his tongues teasing around them. I grip his feather white hair to drag him from that endeavor. He frowns. His hand on my back flexes as shards of ice cover my back. The cold shock driving my back into arching, I involuntarily force his head back into my chest. He happily bites at the center.

His fingers are tracing at the hem of my pajamas. Leaving their little icy lips on my hip bones. The further the ice goes down, the more my body is reacting. I can help clawing into his back as I resist the severe reactions my body wants to cave too as he traces around my body. He stops his teasing over my torso and moves to my ear. His tongue playing with the edges, occasionally biting into the cartilage. He works along my neck, nuzzling into me. Wanting to retaliate I bite his ear hard. He stops, holds my body at a distance.

The playful eyes that came with the chirps are no longer there. The blue darkens and I can see how he was once an dangerous predator of the night.

He flips me onto the bed. He perches before my curled legs. He simply tosses his clothes from his body, allowing me to fully see him. His entire being is perched, waiting to swoop in and take his prey. He lifts my ankles to his shoulders, unsheathing myself from my pants. My bare body is before him, he starts to gently kissing my ankles. Working his way into my inner thigh. His kisses getting fiercer as they get closer to the end of my leg's trail. He works around my thigh up to my hip bones. Biting hard at the edges of my bones. My hands clutch at the sheets as my eyes close, my shut lips sore from trying to keep them closed. My knees are now draped over his shoulders. My backside lifted in the air, his hips keeping my body positioned there.

One of his hands clutches my own. I open my eyes, to look into his. He gives a reassuring smile. That is the last I see as he starts rubbing his cock in between my bottom's cheeks. The friction teasing my opening. My butt contracting in as it passes by it's entrance each time. My stomach squeezing in anticipation even it brushes up to join my other anticipating organ. He maintains his balance as he continuously rubs against me, his hand grabs my other member. His thumb kneading along the path of veins, pushing upwards. My hips start to drive against his. Trying to force him hard against me. He has to let go of my hand to grab hold of my waist, grinding into me harder. The collisions becoming harder to maintain, each one driving me to the edge of my sanity. My body begging for a final relief. He leans in to bite my legs hard with a hard drive into me. My organs feel as if they are collapsing in on themselves as we both orgasm against one another. Our bodies release all of the tension.

He gently sets my waist down, sliding on top of me, intertwining our fingers. His lips linger over mine. His knee not done working as it slides to tease my opened legs. He leans down.

Coming out of my cage and I've been doing just fine...

I shoot out of my bed, trying to untangle myself from my covers. Lunging forward onto the floor, crawling towards my phone to turn off my alarm.

I'm panting heavily as I look down at my phone. The 6 A.M. flashing brighter than I would like.

I put my head in my hands, trying to remember what exactly my dream was. Blurry parts uncertain, only one thing was clear.

Oh god oh god oh god. This is bad. My mind races through what might have been my thoughts. The man's appearance still clear as day. I just dreamed about Jack. I just had an weird erotic dream over a man that I just met. Oh wow. This is bad.

But that dream was pretty...nice.

I look down and groan. Looks like a shower before I head to the gym regardless. Then another one after that most likely.

I search through my phone to see a text from Astrid. What she was

doing up at 3 in the morning obviously isn't abnormal. Well for her at least.

Hiccup, that boy you were drooling over that is adorable. Guess what I found out! He goes to the gym at 7 am. Have fun dragon boy ;)

I stare at my phone. Fully awake and glad to hit the gym now. I let out an evil laugh as I text her back. Hopefully she doesn't get mad if I wake her up this early.

Seriously? I don't need two wet dreams in one morning ;)

7. Chapter 7

Looks like bugging Sandy all night didn't prove fruitful. Come one, a wing girl is supposed to help a brother out. Or just tell me when Hiccup works out. A couple of texts, girls gossiping, what is the point of connections if they don't do anything for your frustrated libido.

Of course the state my body is in is perfect for working out. Nothing beats a good workout where you completely daze out the entire time. Maybe there will be a cutie in the gym who looks like my Buttercup. That would be some great food for thought.

Slinging my bag over my shoulder I strut into the gym. Yes strut in, no one goes to the gym not trying to look like they go there more often than they do. Some of us just like to pretend we can be the hulk.

The lady at the front looks like she is about to collapse from exhaustion. I hand her my ID as it takes her about five minutes to swipe card goes to hand it back to me, but a light tap on the shoulder has me jumping out of shock. The ID slips through my fingers onto the floor.

"I'm sorry I..." I stop apologizing as I realize that God's messenger was the one who summoned me. "Hiccup!"

"Hey Jack", he is smiling so adorably. He looks so great in the morning. His hair still a bit damp from perhaps a shower. I wish I could smell his shampoo. Is it wrong I think he should smell of strawberries. Fresh pine might be a good smell for him as well. Oh wow Jack, seriously stop thinking of what he smells like. You are such a pervert.

He leans down to pick up my ID, because I am still incapable of actually looking cool right now. He is in a torn tank top and running shorts. I look down at his shoes and realize half of his leg is actually a prosthetic.

"I've never seen your leg before". Why do I have to be so insensitive? Why can't I just think before I talk, like a normal person?

He abruptly stands up and hands me back my ID. He seems really flustered and is tugging at his shorts as almost trying to lengthen them. I am still staring at the prosthetic. It is a different design than most of the ones I've seen. The plastic is molded in twisted

spirals, the center piece seeming to have a dragon painted on.

"Your's looks really cool! I've never seen any quite like it."

"Yeah my friend back at the shop designed it!" He seems really excited now, his green eyes shining. I'm certain he is talking about some other friend who has one and 3D printer or some sorts. I hate to say it, but I'm really not listening. I'm too distracted by how animated his expressions are. He also moves his hands a lot to talk. I think I'm in over my head. I am honestly enamored by everything this guys does.

A guy behinds us coughs loudly. Hiccup becomes flustered and quickly hands the lady at the front desk his ID. We walk through the doors into the gym. Ah, nothing like sweaty adults in the morning.

"Sorry I get really excited when I talk about things in general" His fingers are running through his hair nervously. They even start yanking back the hair in order to tie it up.

"Here let me" I reach into his hair pulling it back. My hand slips down his arm, slipping the hair band off his arm. "And don't worry about it. I like people that are passionate. Perhaps we could grab lunch to talk about it sometime?"

"Uh yeah definitely we should. You didn't have to do that you know" he is blushing, tugging a strand of hair back into the hold. " I should probably get a haircut sometime."

"Nah, I like guys with long hair. Makes them seem more masculine" or irresistibly adorable. "You know like tarzan or extremely hard core metal singers".

"Yeah this lanky body is going to be swinging from vines while screaming in anger over the suppression of society".

We start laughing together at the ridiculous image. "Hey I guess that's why we are at the gym. Bulk up a bit more".

"You look fine to me" he blushes, glancing me up in down. Has he been checking me out? Am I reading too much into this? Maybe he just is honest, you know those people that compliment everyone despite their gender. But then why is he blushing. I shouldn't read too much into this. I could try a couple tricks I know.

"Really? You mean this bod" I tug up my shirt exposing my ripped stomach. Yeah I'm pretty confident about my muscles, you don't work out all summer just to be fit. His reaction is just what I'm looking for though. He starts blushing, eyes shifting back and forth trying to decide if he should look or not. "It needs to be polished a bit more. I'm trying to be worthy as a new S.H.I.E.L.D. agent".

"I think Hawkeye has got some competition now" he says, laughing at my marvel joke. He understood my marvel joke! And hey, he likes what he sees. Let's just inflate my ego here. "I should probably actually work out now. I have some catching up to do it seems".

No, don't leave me! You were laughing and enjoying my company, weren't you? Sigh, well I need to work out anyways. I've got class at

9 and the talking is cut down on my shower time.

"Yeah I'll see you around," I wave goodbye as he heads towards the bicycles.

I head to the track, my headphones on full blast so I can ignore my pounding heart. It would have been nice if we could work out together. Of course that is really hard to do if you don't have the same regimen, endurance, and the fact I would try to somehow end up on top of him so many times. Ok, I'm not that bad. I might just try it once or twice.

Tripping him while running might be a little cruel. But if we lifted together, that would be ideal. Here, let me hold this bar for you as I accidentally graze fingers. Or doing sit ups as I hold his legs. Or the whole spotting behind him while he does squats, his butt sticking out towards me. Or on the leg press watching his knees curl into his chest. Wow, who knew the weight room was so sensual. Every porn video.

It probably wouldn't be a good idea to work out with him after all. I would just be thinking about all of the compromising positions he is in while I'm supposed to be seriously looking out for his safety. The weight room isn't a child's play area.

The shower would be a nice area though. I slow down, panting as I check the phone for the time. Looks like I have to take a quick shower if I want to make it to class in time. I head down to the locker room.

My head gets banged by the door as I try to open it. I look up, trying to ignore the pain in my head. And of course in this embarrassing state, who do I run into?

"Jack, I'm so sorry! Are you alright?" Hiccup has just gotten out of the shower.

"Yeah, I'm good! Nothing like a knock to the head to wake you up in the morning" I laugh lightly trying to hide my embarrassment. Why can't I just be cool in front of him?

"I'm so sorry! I have to run though. I owe you later alright?" and he once again leaves my sight. Just once can he stay, with me.

I drop my bag in the stall and get into the shower. The water is nice and cold, a definite need after running and seeing my crush still dripping and smelling of pine. The cold isn't nearly enough though.

It would be nice if he could join me in here. Before anybody shows up. Him being exhausted from working out. He would take off his prosthetic making it hard for him to stand. I would gladly offer him a shoulder, leading him into the stall.

Our hands would slowly work at stripping away our clothes. His blush unbearable bright as I help strip him of his underwear. My arm firmly grasped around his waist as I support his weight against mine. Able to get one leg out of the hole, I have to gently set him down to finish the rest. His hands curled around my neck, looking away in embarrassment of being helped to undress. My hands savor the trip

down his leg, finally relieving him of his undergarments. His hands work around my own waist, tickling my inner thigh as he slides everything off. I step out of what is left and then pick him up off the bench, leading us into the shower.

I hold him firmly against me so he can maintain his balance. Of course, my body has other ideas as to why he is needed so close. He reaches behind me to turn on the shower. Ice cold water sprays and I can't help gasping as I involuntarily drive my hips into him. He whispers my name as he returns the movement. The two of us just stare into one another eyes until I reach for the soap. I lather my hand in it and then reach up to his neck. I grab him towards me and place a light kiss on his lips. He responds with a light kiss as well. My hand runs from his neck to his shoulders, pressing in little circles, the soaps suds painting his body whiter.

We continue our locked lips, each time my hands works down his body the faster the kisses get. He grabs the shampoo, coating his hands in it before plunging them into my hair. His fingers work intricately, massaging my head. He occasionally uses the strands to grip tightly so can he drive more passionate kisses into me. My hand reaches the end of the torso, I can see small trails of soap dripping past my own explorations.

I pause slightly, staring into his eyes I release my binding grip, allowing both of my hands to clasp his hips. My muscles tense as I prepare to lift him up, driving him into the wall.

There is a loud clatter as my phone falls to the ground. Not even my fantasies being able to ignore the buzzing alarm that has been going off.

Damn, it looks like I'm going to be late to class. I get to continue my education in other fields of study. I wipe my body dry and get dressed. My mind never really leaving the idea of Hiccup.

Well at least I got him to promise to have lunch with me. Being able to see him again shouldn't be too hard. All I have to do is send a couple of flirting texts, and maybe I have a shot at being with him. Is that hoping too much? That is probably hoping too much. But doesn't hurt to try. It kind of hurts to try though. Rejection is a bitch. A quiet lunch isn't like a huge deal. All I have to do is call him.

Fuck! I forgot to get his number!

AN: Sorry I was worried that I wasn't going to even be able to update this week, so I'm glad I was able to write a bit. There isn't much lust but there is flirting ...ish.

Thank you for the reviews! I will try to write more next week since I get a break in between school and more school. I'm just so happy that people are enjoying this story.

**Thank you to all of the new followers as well. I hope I don't disappoint too much.

>I was heavily influence by watching a gif of Godfrey Gao running his hands through his hair. He is gorgeous and sexy and I want that.

8. Chapter 8

Astrid I am crying right now.

I am such a dork! I seriously can't believe I hit Jack. I really was late to class anyways. Oh god if only I wasn't so distracted while working out. Maybe I would have taken my time in the locker room. Maybe I could have waited longer to see Jack undress. His skin gleaming from the sweat, muscles still bulging from activity. Maybe he wouldn't mind stripping off his pants as well. We are all men.

What did you do now? I'm out of class! Where you at?

But no sexy locker room creeping. I just lost all suave chances with that masculine entity when I hit him with the door. No one wants to be in an accidental abusive relationship. Relationship? I really need to work on being more realistic. I'm already thinking I would even have a chance if I hadn't knocked a door into Jack.

I'm in the library, first floor. I have ice cream. I suggest you grab your own.

I honestly can't think of one reason for Jack to fall for me. Though, he seemed pretty cool with my leg. Maybe he is just an extremely nice person. Well he does seem like an extremely nice person. And it kind of seemed a bit flirty for a bit. I should have ran with him. Maybe then I could have avoided hitting him in the head.

I'll be there in 20.

Guess I'll just pretend to read this book while chilling in my chair. Yeah, I'm not going to be able to read.

Not after seeing him in a ripped tank top. The six pack definitely doesn't help. I could drown in several six packs of beer just trying to forget those. It would be nice to be held in those arms. If only he could show up in the library. We could just sneak into one of those study rooms. Those were obviously built for one thing only. Extra practice for those studying human anatomy.

He would drag me up those dark stairs. Quietly opening the door to check for any sounds on the floor. The lights are flickering, almost like a haunted movie but the only thing being stabbed is my...well you know. The hall would be quiet, he could pull me into the art section. We would giggle as I knock a couple books off the bookshelf. His chest pressed against mine, his hand traveling down my arm till it reaches my finger tips. Entwining hands together. Gazing into one another's eyes. Those icy blues shooting icicles into me. Long, hard, icicles stabbing into me. That is an image I could use.

His hand would play with my hair, curling it in between his fingers. He would whisper the names of the books behind me. Asking if I knew any of them. I would nod my head waiting for him to stop playing around. His fingers trace my earlobe, one finger traces down my down to my neck. Once it reaches the adams apple, fingers splay out and caress behind my neck. He reaches the back, grasping a chunk of my hair, he strains my head back. Whispering in my ear, telling me how he was going to excite every artistic curiosity. I finally tired of

all the promises and took the masterpiece in my own hand. I crush his lips into mine.

Savoring every crevice in between his teeth, I explore his mouth. His tongue pushes against mine, twisting it. He wins, as he gains access to my own cavities. I bite down on his tongue. Holding it as he tries to slip out. My eyes look into his as I reach for his shoulders. I push myself forward into him. Causing his grip to tighten harder into me. Clasp for each other, delving into one another. Ferociously fighting for dominance. He bites my lip, and drives his hips into me. Throwing me off balance, we tumble to the floor.

A couple of books follow, but Jack continues unfazed. He lays next to me, his hands working around my torso unbuttoning my shirt. His lips work along my neck, as his hands working around me. His thumb tracing my torso, circling around my nipples. His lips meet his hands. His tongue takes over the task of arousing the top half of my body. While one of his hands slips under the shirt onto my back. Another has his thumb trace along my hip bones until it catches the side of my underwear. Thumb slipping the underwear off as his fingers tickle around my junk. A slight flick jamming my thighs together in resistance to moaning. The hand on my back scratches down my spine, arching my back off the floor.

He slips off my pants slowly, as his lips hold onto mine. His teeth scraping against the entrance as his body tenses against mine. His focus on the newly appearing skin. The hands working towards both sides. One grasped to maintain my arched back as he works to crawl in between my legs. One arm holds my lower body in the air resting against his kneeled state. His penis just beneath me rubbing against me as he switches my weight. He keeps me suspended with one hand as his other reaches for a bottle in his pocket. My fingers curl into the carpet as a cold lubricant enters me with two of his fingers.

At first they only tease the entrance with their tips, but soon they are inside that small and turning, they spread apart to only reach in further. Several times the fingers leave me gasping, moaning unrestrained.

He removes his fingers, letting my hips to fall to the floor. He pushes my legs further apart, pressing them against my chest. He playfully smiles and kisses the tip of my strained cock. I whisper his name. He clasps his own penis and slowly guides it into the final interest. My toes curl as he pushes inside me. His hands grasped tightly on my legs, his short nails digging into my thighs. He grunts slightly as he works to move inside of me. My insides squeezing against him. My breath lost as he keeps delving into me. I bite my lips, trying to quiet my moans. He slips a hand from my thighs up to caress my cheek. Whispers my name.

"Alright lover boy, what sort of mess did you get into this time?"

Astrid plops down next to my chair. She is concentrated more on her rocky road ice cream than my disheveled attitude. She glances up and raises an eyebrow.

"I assume this isn't about failing all of your finals due to distractions, now was it?"

Oh yeah finals. Fuck.

"Well luckily summer classes are extremely forgiving. Your daydreams should still give you an A".

She is just grinning from ear to ear now enjoying every second of my turmoil.

"I saw him this morning. It was going great. Until I smacked him with a door while running out to make it in time for my final."

She flinched, but couldn't help a small smile from appearing on her lips. What could she possibly be thinking now?

"Tough Love".

AN: Soâ€¦I lied.

**Also don't do this in your local college library. It's awkward for someone to walk in the middle of. Just daydream. Daydream all you want. **

9. Chapter 9

"You don't understnad Sandy. I haven't seen him in two weeks! Plus summer school is over. What if he doesn't even go to this school? What if this was just a summer amusement? I'll never see him again!"

Sandy just calmly lounges back, sipping on her coffee. The rolling of her eyes clearly tells me that she thinks I'm being dramatic. I'm not.

"This isn't fun you know".

Oh now she is grinning ear to ear. Maybe it was fun for her. She is writing something down on her notepad. Sandy has been trying to teach me sign for a while now. But I'm hopeless at languages. So she has to write. Unless Aster was here. Hate to admit it but that man is pretty awesome, just a bit of an egghead.

_Calm down. I'm going to go grab another coffee. Work on your hockey stuff. _

She drew two stick figures kissing. Little hearts surrounding them, and a figure in the background holding a hammer dangerously close to one of the figures.

She gets up to go to the front of the shop. I'm stuck there, hopelessly gazing at the drawing. Sandy, you are a tease.

I'm supposed to be organizing the semester events for my club. But why would I do that when all I can think about is Henrik Haddock? Yep I'm twelve years old and experiencing a crush for the first time. It's official.

But there are just those moments when you see someone. Everything about them seems perfect and you have no idea why. It seems absolutely ridiculous, and happens more frequently than it should.

But this time they actually talked to me. I actually talked to them. None of this watching from afar, wishing them happiness. I can actually be near them.

Or I did have the chance.

But the last time I saw him was that gorgeous ass leaving me. Why couldn't I just remember to get his damned phone number. Then we could be snuggling on the couch watching Game of Thrones.

I can just imagine joking around, playing with his hair around the nape of his neck. Leaning close to his ear so I could whisper seductively.

"Winter is coming"

He could be snarky, faking a dragon roar and crinkling his nose. His fingers jokingly clawing at me. Blowing small gusts of air at me. I would splay across the couch faking my death, and laughing at my own antics.

Hiccup would keep up his end though. Crawling on top of his prey. Fingers clawing underneath my shirt. His face comes to an inch above my face.

"You dare challenge a dragon?"

He is grinning as his nails dig into my collarbone. His legs straddling my waist. He pretends to snap at my lips.

"Y...yes" I stutter out.

In one quick movement he pushes me off the couch. I'm in shock as it takes me a minute to realize I'm no longer in Hiccup's embrace.

He is giggling on the couch, looking smug. He holds out a hand to help me up. I flash a short smile and I yank him to be on the floor with me.

He rolls away from me. Laying on his back. Chest rising and falling in deep breaths. Rolling into him, lifting my body enough to look over him. Fingers play with his mused hair. He blows a small gust of air at me. I pout a bit and gently brush my lips along his.

My hand caresses his chin. I trace the end of his jaw line to his ears. To the outside of his ear and let the trail rim the edges of his hair line. Our eyes questioning one another. Waiting for an answer.

Any answer for what we are. But it's those lips in a smile that tempt. Not letting me worry about an answer.

I clasp the back of his neck and lower my head in for a meeting with that smile. Forcing my passion, my wonderment for this man fueling my desire. A kiss to hopefully convey every moment he is with me.

His hand wraps around my neck and reaches through my hair. One of his fingers getting hooked in my cartridge ring. The yank causing me to bite down on his lips.

We both pull back. Apologizing. I'm certain there is a blush on my cheeks. Hiccup is looking at my ear. His fingers yank a bit at the ring. I can't help a sharp intake of breath. My lips are pressed together firmly. He tugs a bit more.

I get wacked upside the head by a notebook. Sandy is sitting across from me. She is pointing at the notepad.

_Stop playing with your ear! _

I sit up straighter and quickly move my hand away from my ear. She is scribbling down something again.

Check your phone

I look down expecting a text from Sandy, but instead there was a random number that appeared. Reading the message I am constantly looking up at Sandy and back to the message over and over. Hoping that this was real. Sandy looked absolutely delighted at my reaction.

_Hey it's Hiccup. Wanna meet up or something sometime. _

AN: blah blah busy with school blah

**The KuroCat Raidar: omg I could never do that. I would be laughing everytime I saw them. The guy would find out in seconds, most likely. **

**Uknowwhothisis: yes I know who you are and I will teach you the shirt knot eventually. **

Jack was a bit romantic in this one. Next chapter should be more close to the rating of this piece

10. Chapter 10

Looking at the full length mirror, tugging on the hem of my t-shirt. I can't help but feel like its not perfect enough. I need to calm down. It's just a casual coffee date. Normal stuff for college students. Friends go on coffee dates to study all the time. He's not going to scrutinize my outfit. I mean he has seen me in my workout clothes, jeans and a t-shirt aren't a huge deal. Maybe I should go with the maroon sweater.

Why is getting dressed always so frustrating. Jack seems like a really chill guy. I'm certain he won't judge me about my outfit. Ok I'm just going to stick with the t-shirt. If it gets cold maybe I can steal his jacket. Or just man it up and try and act cool.

I'm so nervous.

Astrid stole my phone three weeks ago and started texting from it. Next thing I knew, Jack had wanted to hang out. I'm not complaining. It's not like I had a way to get a hold of him. Perhaps a bit of a warning would have been nice.

Luckily I have had time to calm down and talk to him some through text. But not texting too much. I tried not to text him too much. How

does one tell on these things.

I fix my glasses as they got a bit crooked from changing so often. The dark brown rims compliment my green eyes. Girls get make-up, men have to get creative with stuff like this. Maybe he doesn't notice my eyes.

Alright Hiccup stop freaking out it's time to go. I look down at my phone to see that I'm already late to the "appointment". I hurry to lock the door to my room as I go running to my car. He said he had this new coffee shop he wanted to try out, and was curious if I was interested. I'm not a huge coffee fan, but who is going to say no to the chance to hang out with a hottie like Jack. He can just skip right into my bed for all I care.

For now though I have to stick to the aggravatingly whine in my head over his sexuality or if he is interested. I think everyone should have a secret handshake that lets us know, hey I like you. Or something. Anything would be nice. Just a sign, please.

I drive up to the shop, and I see a nicely figured body just leaning against a motorcycle. Tight black jeans, tattered boots, and a cut off tee that nicely displays the packed muscles on his arms. The wind ruffles it a bit so I can see a part of the mans chest. The ribbed lines along his ribs and the curves of his stomach. I can feel drool falling from my mouth as the man takes off his helmet. That shocking white hair now has blue tips on the end that flips through the air.

Fuck me.

Please.

I slip out my shabby machine and sling my backpack over a shoulder. I really don't think much studying is going to get done over physics tonight. Well, calculus based physics. I walk over to where he is standing and do the little awkward wave thing.

His eyes are squinting in the bright glare from the sun. I hide my hand, embarrassed that maybe he doesn't recognize me. A bright smile lights up his face though as he grabs his bag and helmet and closes the distance between us. He grabs me and brings me in a one armed quick hug. I kind of stumble out of it, half shocked that I got to get so close.

"Oh sorry, didn't mean to catch you off balance" his hand still remains clasped on my shoulder, " how have you been?"

"Good, well kinda, better, if you count now, or are you talking about overall." I'm just stumbling all over my words, not quite sure what is coming out of my mouth. "Nevermind, how are you?"

He chuckles a bit and starts leading me into the shop. "I'm doing amazing. Excited to try this coffee. A friend recommended the place. They've got all sorts of interesting mixes, but she recommended the cinnamon pumpkin spice latte. I'm not afraid to cater to my sweet tooth."

He keeps talking about the other items on the menu, but I was more distracted about how smoothing his voice was. I just kind of got

startled when I was asked what I want and ended up getting whatever he got. We went ahead and sat down on the upstairs patio. There was a little fountain in the middle of this odd shopping area. We pulled out our books, Jack had a multiple small booklets. I just pulled out my huge science books. We received our coffees, and the conversation lulled a bit as we both became absorbed in our books.

Or he might have been the only one absorbed in his books, because I couldn't stop daydreaming about him.

The way he ruffled his hair when a problem became tough was enough to have me clutching my fingers, stopping them from reaching out. His lips wrapping around the edge of his mug as he sips his drink. The way his fingers play with turning the pages. Wow, I really haven't been touched in a while.

I'm just waiting for him to just reach out and grab my hand. His fingers play along my finger tips. Until they grasp my arm, pulling me closer to him. He could hold open a book as he grasps my chin. Pulls me into the kiss. A sweet soft kiss.

He would look around to see if anyone looked, then flash that childish smile. A bit of arrogance shows as he takes in his victory. But shortly he would be unsatisfied and reach in for another kiss.

We would continue for a couple more minutes. Until his eyes would shift towards the bathroom door.

The coffee shop empty on the top floor, no one would notice us sneak in together. He locks the door behind him. We stand in the middle, enraptured in our own kisses. The light feathery ones brushing along my face. The intense rough ones pressing into my lips and neck. A symphony of gasps and soft moans fill the air. Our hands constantly roaming, gripping along each other. Moving to each kiss. Changing for the advantage. His short nails scratch along the places they hold. My glasses are pushed to the top of my head, about to fall off.

He stops my hand. His face is a bit blurry, but I can feel him grab the glasses off my head and stick the end of one of the holds in between his lips. His fingers are tracing along my back. They reach the hem of my shirt. He pulls the shirt off over my head. He steps back away from me to place it on the top of a counter. My blurry vision is able to make him stripping off his own shirt. I am left standing, crossing my arms across my chest in embarrassment.

He saunters back. Two fingers shuts my eyes. A whisper demands me to keep them as such. His fingers touches seem to burn even more. My body unaware of his actions has my adrenaline jumping at every touch. I feel a cold object on my back. I don't realize they are my glasses until the edge of a screw scratches along my back. It carves along my spine, stopping in the final caress of my back. I gasp and open my eyes in shock.

"You weren't supposed to do that".

I'm pushed against the sink. Driving kisses into my neck as my back unnaturally bends back, my head banging into the mirror. I can't tell if its his lips or the forceful impact, that leaves my head soaring into the cloud.

An arm swoops down against my legs. Lifting me up. My butt slides onto the sink, back crushed against the sink handles. His lips on mine once again. Sucking for my breath. His fingers in my belt loops, dragging my hips towards the edge. His hands move to my waist, digging in his thumbs and nails clawing on my side.

I reach for the belt, pulling his hips closer to me. My hands fumbling with the clasp. I stop for a second and my body arcs in reaction to cold hands delving under my pants. I get his pants zipped open, my hands eagerly tug his pants and underwear down.

His hands shift from my front to the back. Lifting my self off the sink . He tugs and pulls trying to get the remains of my clothes off of me. My pants slip to my knees and my butt crashes back down on the cold porcelain sink. My back ends up pushing the water sink on. Cold water splashing over me, I gasp. Jack doesn't stop. His fingers washing in the cold water and travel my body. Leaving slick trails along my chest

He takes my lips again, pressing a force of pure desire. His hands clasp my legs and press my knees up. My body slips in the water. My butt now exposed, his fingers are slick with another liquid. They play around my hole, teasing the entrance.

His fingers finally enter, twisting inside, dancing around. The pain at first has me clenching around him but slowly I start opening up. He places a hand on my back, I grab the edge of the sink. His fingers pull out.

He enters into me, swelling inside me. My body clenches around him. He wraps his arms around me, securing his hold. He starts to move. My body crys in regret every time it leaves, but screams and writhes in ecstasy as he pushes deeper into me.

His lips work along the inside of my knee and leg as his hips continuously drive into me. Sucking hard and biting, leaving possessive marks along my thighs.

My body, unable to handle the lasting pleasure, releases its last cry of moans. I hear a groan from Jack as he leaves my body. Shortly followed a warm liquid splays across my stomach.

We stay there for a couple of seconds. Breathing heavily, I feel his fingers trace along my ears as he replaces my glasses on my face. The fuzzy scene coming into focus. I can see an evident blush on his cheeks as his eyes shy away. I can also see the mess around us with soaked clothes and water puddles on the floor.

He kisses my forehead as he reaches for a towel. I feel a hand on my shoulder.

Startled, I jump out of my seat, looking up to see Jack staring at me, his hand clasped on my shoulder.

"Wow didn't know someone could be so absorbed in their homework" his smile is flashing so brilliantly as always. I look down to see that my physics books is in front of me.

"Yeah, friction can be extremely fascinating" I mumble out, hoping he

doesn't catch my drift.

He winks at me and I know I'm going to love and dread what comes out of his mouth.

"Especially if your the one creating it".

A.n. so I haven't enough time for porn in my life. So I've decided to rethink all of my priorities. Porn should have priority.

End
file.